

WESTERN PEOPLE

Supplement to The Western Producer

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FAMILY TIES

WESTERN PEOPLE

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Family History

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Dear Reader

I know, I know. You're tired of hearing about the Olympics. That's why every reference to that particular quaternary summer sporting spectacle from here on will use a substitute word like **Waffles**, all dressed up in bold type to aid comprehension.

Well, the **Crumpets** have come and gone and Canadians once again are asking themselves where it all went wrong. We row our hearts out and end up in fourth place. We float like a butterfly and sting like a bee and wind up on the canvas, looking up at the pretty lights. We take a gentlemanly dose of cocaine and

get lectured to by Brian Williams.

What's going on? Is too much money being spent on Jean Chretien's life support system and not enough on **Feldspar** training for our athletes? Is there something we should do? Is it time for a judicial inquiry? Is there too much pepper spray in our diets?

Well, it's all of the above—and more. The first thing that must be done is to adopt the New York Yankees approach to winning. And that is . . . spend more money. Spend till it hurts and then spend some more, until it hurts a whole bunch. But in order to spend more money, our **Fishwife** athletes must first make more money. This can be accomplished by sending them door to door, across this great land

World Safety

have you
like me
heard the word
globalization
so many times
that if you hear it once more
you'll be
perturbed?

even if so
you might not know
soybeans from South America
corn from the United States
and barley from Canada
all go to produce methane gas,
from Brasilia to Edmonton
floating above our heads
an atmospheric layer of cattle farts

we have much in common
in the new global economy
which by any other name
would smell as sweet but
don't light a match

— Alex MacDonald

COVER PHOTO
Mories Wellwood. Story, page 6.

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of ours, selling maple syrup in bottles shaped like the Cheddar rings.

Something else that must be done is to concentrate our **Witch hazel** efforts only in sports in which we have at least a jot or a tittle of a chance of winning, and here are a few:

Darts played while under the influence; shooing away polar bears from the landfill; rowing back to the cabin after we forgot to check the outboard for gas; shovelling snow off the driveway; eating perogies; withdrawing money from bank machines.

Next time we will be **Scuttlebutt** champions!

Michael Gillgannon

WESTERN PEOPLE

Kaiser William had to go

Memory by Richard A. Slator

Kaiser William had to go; he had been around too long and the cattle herd was somewhat inbred. By the mid-1920s, it had grown to 80 or 90 head and culling was badly needed. There were several young steers, dry cows and yearlings that were still suckling and robbing the current year's calf crop of their milk.

My father, Jesse Slator, came from England to live with cousins at Douglas, Man. in 1893 at age 19. He later picked up his own homestead around 1900 between Heward and Creelman, Sask. He moved again to a half-section of CPR land in the district when the railway sliced diagonally through that first property.

His cattle herd eventually evolved into a herd of Aberdeen Angus. That was accomplished by buying Angus sires and mating them with whatever cows were in the herd until, over a period of time, all the animals were black.

Kaiser William was not exactly a true Angus. Beefier than most Angus bulls, Kaiser was from the Murray Grey breed being developed in Australia at the time, created from Aberdeen Angus and pure white Short-horn.

Kaiser's coloring was black-brown flecked with white or dun.

Arrangements were made with a cattle buyer from Windthorst, and the cattle were to be loaded at the new community of Handsworth, created by a spur rail line. This rail line was quite a boon to area farmers, at a time when grain was hauled by team and wagon. Moving cattle in those days was done the slow way — on foot.

The drovers on this trip included my father, his neighbor Andrew Bukuluk, my brother Harry, 12, my sister Violet, 11, and me, just nine.

We took one pony and a horse and buggy. Harry and Andrew took turns riding the pony; their job was to keep the herd on the road while Dad and I kept them moving from the rear. Violet handled the buggy horse. She was not yet four feet tall, but able to do most jobs as well as a full-grown person.

The July day in 1925 dawned clear and promised to be very warm, so we had to get started in good time. I remember as the cattle were let out of the pasture, the sun was just peeping over the horizon. There was no way of separating those to be sold from the others, so the whole herd had to go.

As the day warmed, the pace slowed. By the time

we reached Hillhurst School, Kaiser William had turned ugly. He got to the front, stopped everything and bossed the whole herd.

It happened to be recess time at the school, so some boys climbed over the fence and helped out. The pace continued slowly across the Moose Mountain Creek until we arrived at the stockyards about 1 p.m.

Handsworth was a brand new town, so we had to have a look around before sorting the cattle. It was quite a bustling village, with a hardware store, grocery store, barber shop, blacksmith shop and even a real estate agent, who was also the agent for the United Farmers of Alberta's farm supplies. There were two elevators, one for the Wheat Pool and the other for United Grain Growers.

After the cattle were sorted and separated, the main herd was let out and allowed to make their way home, followed by Andrew on the buckskin pony.

We finished the marking and paperwork then headed home, but not before we encountered one more incident along the way.

In those days the ruts in the road were quite deep in places, and once the wheels were in the ruts, it was hard to get out.

We were jogging along in these ruts when a Model T came up behind and attempted to pass us. Buggy and Model T both failed to get out of the ruts, resulting in a collision between a front wheel of the Model T and a back wheel of the buggy. The buggy wheel was demolished, but the Model T suffered no damage.

Dad was quite miffed and jumped out of the buggy, prepared to do battle, only to be confronted by friend and neighbor Harry Gerry and his son Mel, the driver. The look of consternation on Gerry's face changed Dad's mood, and both shared a laugh about it. They went up the road together to a neighbor's farm to borrow a wheel so we could get home.

The next morning word came that some cows — about 15 head — had got out and gone back to the stockyards, looking for their calves. That meant another trip to Handsworth was necessary.

The borrowed buggy wheel was returned to its owner on the way.

Three or four of the cows went back a third time and were left to get home on their own. One or two made it. The others got in with other herds and were sold for \$35 and left there.

(Richard Slator, 84, took over the family farm from his father at Heward, Sask. after the war.)



Hermanus Doorn, 71, still operates a commercial greenhouse near Regina. He immigrated to Canada from Holland.

Memory by Ron Doorn

Many people never get to know their fathers beyond a father and son/daughter relationship. After years of being apart, my father can now sit across from me in my own house, enjoy a cup of coffee and share stories about his life as his grandson plays around his feet. As I listen, I discover how little I know about this man, my father, and his life.

My father, Hermanus Hendrikus Everhardus Doorn, was born Dec. 26, 1928 in Zwollerkerspel, Holland. His father, Gerrit Jan Doorn, bought a farm in Olst, Overysel when Father was a toddler. This was a very special time, as his father had spent years renting and working other farms.

Gerrit was a serious soft-spoken man who didn't talk much. One of my father's favorite memories was of Gerrit taking him to town with a horse and buggy to get supplies and giving him money to buy treats like peanuts.

His father was well known for his gentle way with animals. He could actually draw cattle towards him by simply snapping his fingers. He was also popular in the rural area for his self-taught veterinary skills, especially during calving season.

He died at 65 when my father was a teenager. At 15, my father was hired out to work on other farms in order to help raise money for the family.

Years well spent

Dad recalls his father "hadn't been feeling well for several weeks. Mother found him dead in his bed one morning when she had returned from church."

As hard as this must have been for my grandmother, Maria Johanna Noordman (Doorn), she insisted that life go on as normal. The older kids in the family continued working for other farmers.

All their earnings went to their mother to pay off the mortgage on their farm. She was a stern, no-frills woman of practicality and principle, who died in her sleep at 95.

Some of Dad's fondest memories while in Holland "were just before the war years" when all the kids were still at home. In the evenings, when all the chores were done, the whole family would sit around the table and play cards and other games. Even during the war years when there was a strict 8 p.m.

curfew, his family would get together with other neighbors and have parties.

"We made our own fun in those days despite the lack of money. Sometimes we would go out for drinks when we actually had spending money, but we never got drunk because we never had enough money, so we always had good clean fun."

He considered moving to Canada while working for another farmer in Olst. Dad was determined to see more of the world, and it was after talking to someone about Canada that Dad realized this was the country for him.

In 1952, at age 24, Dad decided to immigrate to Canada. But first he was invited to hear about others' experiences. Films were shown of the Prairies during the Dirty Thirties and Father remembers the Russian thistles blowing around in the dust.

Films were also shown featuring "the good years with all the golden grain."

If you were lacking funds, you were subsidized by the immigration department. Those farmers were assigned a farm location for the first year.

My father was not subsidized because he had recently received a small inheritance from his father. However, his mother spent the whole inheritance on new clothes for her son in his new life in a new country.

This left my father without any money for his trip. It was too late to change his non-subsidized status with Immigration. Fortunately, one of his

brothers lent him 700 gilders (\$100).

On his arrival, Dad remembered, "the vastness of the country and how the standard of living was much higher than Holland."

The higher standard was evident in things like served meals which, according to Dad were "fantastic" compared with the simple meals and lifestyle back home.

He had planned to work for a farmer in Indian Head, Sask. When he arrived in Montreal, he was surrounded by the unfamiliar sounds of English voices and the hustle and bustle of the airport atmosphere. He anxiously clutched his only form of communication, his passport.

He held out his passport to an airport official who looked at it and briskly put him on a train to Prince Edward Island. That name did not sound right to my father but he didn't question it.

During his train ride, he pulled out the English/Dutch dictionary he purchased before leaving Holland to translate what happened in the airport. It was about a hundred miles down the track when my father realized what had happened to him.

Father viewed it all as a big adventure, not a setback. He worked briefly for a potato farmer, meeting another Dutchman who answered many of his questions about the new country. Soon he was ready to leave for Indian Head, purchasing train tickets for \$70.

That left him with only loose change remaining from his \$100.

He travelled from Charlottetown to Montreal and on to Winnipeg where he was to transfer to another train taking him directly to Indian Head. It was during this train trip that my father truly experienced the enormity of Canada.

He was also introduced to the changing time zones within the provinces, something he was not familiar with in

Holland where he could travel across the country in a few hours. He made good use of his time studying his English/Dutch dictionary.

In Winnipeg, a fellow Dutchman instructed him to travel to a different station, where a train would take him to Indian Head.

While waiting for the train, my father sat with a train conductor, trying his best to keep a conversation. An hour later he was on the train sitting with yet another Dutchman who had already lived in Canada for 30 years.

My father looks back on that week in his young life as "being the most stress he had ever experienced."

Dad worked hard to keep a promise to his fiancée, Hendrika Antonia Spykerman.

After two years and many letters sent back and forth, she arrived in Canada in 1954, accompanied by my father's older brother Bill.

On May 13, 1954, they were married. It was not long before the first of six children was born.

Again, it was Dutch friends who helped Dad find his next job, building the post office in Regina in 1955.

Regina was our home for many years.

My father worked at various jobs to support the family while Mother managed home and child care.

During these years, my father renewed a childhood hobby, growing and selling bedding plants.

The plants outgrew their city space and Dad brought the business to a 20-acre lot south of Regina.

That purchase, made more than 20 years ago, was when my father also decided to make a full-time commitment to the hobby he loved. He also believed in making the most of opportunities.

Now 71, my father continues to operate the greenhouse business that "keeps him young."



Headed for Canada, 1952.

Behind the Kitchen Stove

My favorite spot, out on the farm,
Behind the stove, where it was
warm

And I could watch the great ado
Of making meals and baking too.
There was a crock where I could sit
And space enough for me to fit.
I learned a lot and it was fun
To snitch a cookie or a bun.
The stove was huge and burned
all day.

As the evening wore away,
It would be stoked to hold all night
And stoked again, at first daylight.
There always seemed to be a treat
Being processed by its heat.
I loved to hear the ebb and flow
Of conversation and I know
So many times it slipped their mind
That I was there and I would find
The world of adults open wide
And I could see a ways inside.
An unexpected treasure trove,
I found behind the kitchen stove!

— Betty Lou Hebert

Acutely Mute

There once was a crow
who would yammer as though
possessed of a zest for conniption
Forlorn and for long
he imparted his song,
for want of a better description.

And suffered this crow
whose melodious flow
was profuse and with minimal
pause

until nothing was heard,
and the bird had incurred
a terminal case of lost caws.

— Gord Braun

The Wellwoods

History by Vida Wellwood

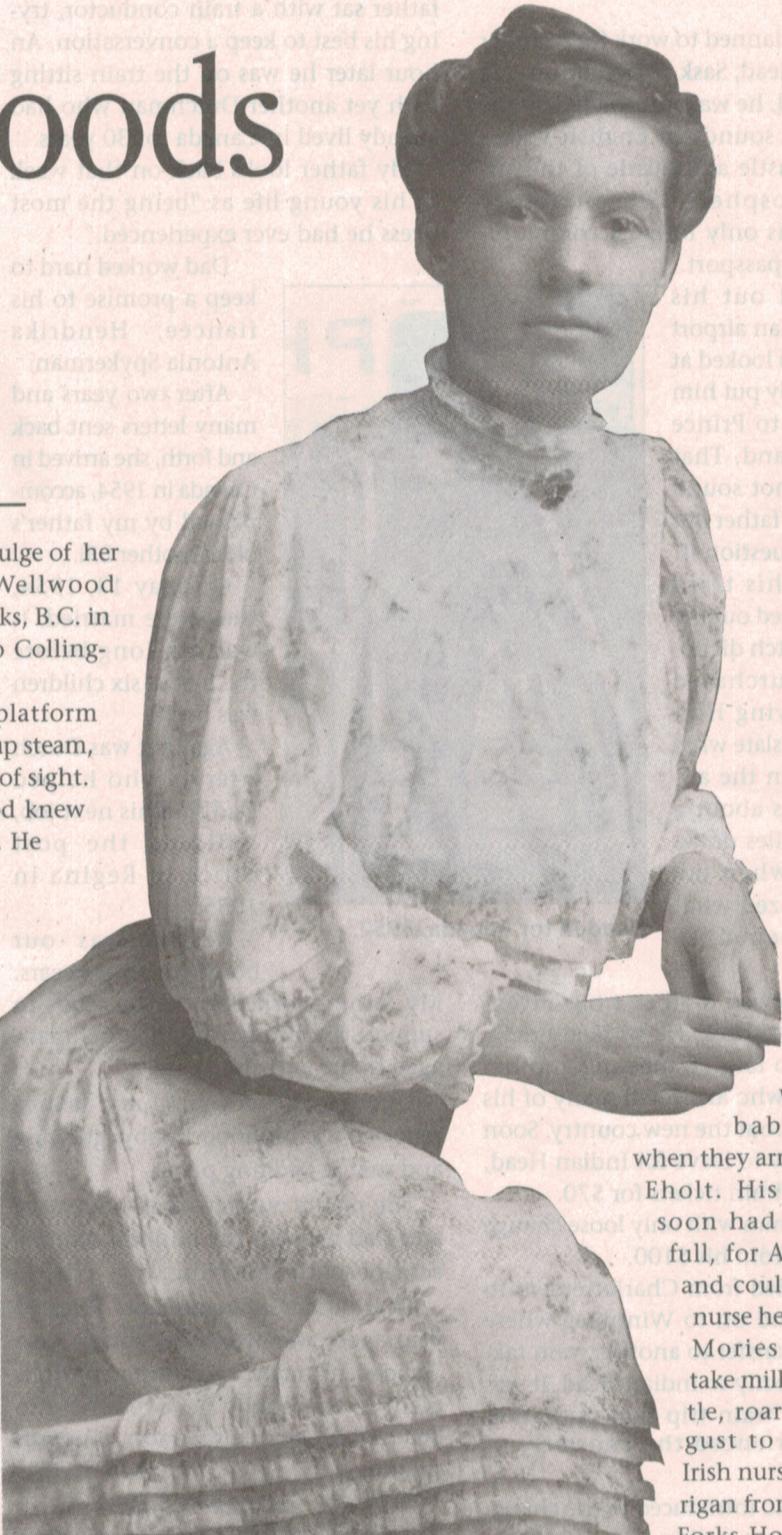
Tall and fragile, slim but for the bulge of her pregnancy, Annie McCort Wellwood stepped on a train at Grand Forks, B.C. in 1908 to cross the continent to Collingwood, Ont., her family home.

The lonely figure standing on the platform watched while the puffing monster built up steam, then triumphantly bore the rail cars out of sight. CPR engineer George Addison Wellwood knew in his heart it was right for Annie to go. He knew she had to leave their isolated Eholt home as the birth was imminent. It would be a lonely winter.

Annie was fussed over by her folks, especially her favorite sister Maggie, and Mary Ellen, the religious one with nursing experience who was sure Annie would "bring forth a first-born son on Christmas Day — like our Savior." But the babe, snug in his warm cocoon, refused to complete his perilous journey into the world until Dec. 27.

"Just as well," commented Maggie. "This one's not cut out to be an angel, I'll be bound." Cuddling wee Mories Wright against an ample bosom she sang snatches of nonsense, "Dicky Dicky Doubt had his shirttail out," kissing the fine dark fuzz on the baby's head. There was an instant rapport between them. She would accompany mother and child back to British Columbia.

Annie McCort Wellwood.



dled, rocked and walked the starving baby, finally collapsing into kitchen chairs for a cup of coffee.

The idea struck both at once — would he drink from a cup? He bubbled and blew but finally swallowed the warmed sweetened milk they gave him. An instant weaning.

George was transferred to the Lardeau subdivision when Mories was three. He made runs to Grand Forks, Trail and Procter. Railroading in the mountains required every ounce of his concentration. "I pushed the toes out of my boots holding back on the Rossland Hill," he said.

The family lived in Nelson when little Laura was born in 1911. Premature, weighing only two pounds, the attending doctor shook his head over her. "She's too small to ever be a normal child. Don't feed her," he told Maggie and Mary Ellen, again in attendance.

The pitiful mewling cry from the padded shoe box caused them to snuggle the baby to her mother's breast, where, small as she was, she knew exactly what to do.

Then, gorged, she was deeply asleep when the doctor came again. "Nearly done for," was his verdict. A week passed and her progress astounded the doctor. Pint size but beautiful, with dark hair, Laura had shoe button bright eyes, no abnormalities and later on a quick intellect. So much for the doctor's edict.

Busy with the new baby, Annie let small Mories play in the yard. He still didn't talk, but it was a quiet neighborhood and there was no cause to worry — until he wandered off one day.

Annie called cousin Lou Kerr who drove the town taxi. He found the boy with a group of much older children, who said, "Cause he won't talk we call him Bill when it's his turn to jump."

In 1912 George was transferred to Kamloops working freight to North Bend. Kamloops, a growing town, boasted the longest street car line in the world for the train ran right down Victoria Street. Later, when the grade was changed to the river bank, George ran an engine on a Jordan Spreader. The highlight of his son's life was occasionally being allowed into the engine cab for a ride.

Despite not talking, Mories was sent to Sunday School each week. He followed the lessons but refused to say a word until he was five years old.

Returning from class, he pulled a chair up to the dining table and announced, "Nehemiah builded the walls of Jerusalem out of mud and rock." From then on, he was never quiet.

Annie, again in the family way, could not always keep tabs on her son. He was a typical boy, exploring empty lots and watching construction

about town. One day a travelling photographer persuaded Mories to go home, fetch his nightie and pose for him in his tent studio in front of a mirror, long curls, bare feet and all.

Annie and George were mystified when a picture arrived in the mail as commission. George proudly showed it to Dan McLean, his conductor, who exploded, "He looks like a sissy!" When Mories came for his ride in the cab, Dan clipped off his curls. Though Annie and Maggie both cried, they admitted it was high time the curls were gone.

Again the house took on the pre-birth excitement, with the bustling of the aunts. Mories, drinking a cup of milk when he heard the baby's first cry, heaved cup and milk in the air and headed for the stairs. Aunt Mag barred the way, explaining he now had his very own brother, Jack, but he must wait to see him.

School was not big on this five-year-old's agenda for it meant the curtailment of liberty. At first he went home when he was bored, later he daydreamed, gazing out the window. Teacher was not pleased with him.

Laura, now a pert young miss, was old enough to put her favorite doll into a small carriage and strike off the half block to town. She was invariably found in a bar next to Galloway's Drug Store. Her mother would have to commission some friendly man to fetch her, as women were not allowed inside.

Right about then George had an accident with a stock train at Port Moody. His run ended at North Bend but as the Vancouver bound engineer developed appendicitis, George had to carry on over unfamiliar track with his own fireman firing and the other fireman as pilot.

"A switch leading into the sawmill at the Port had been left open," George told Annie later. "We nosed into the side track and there were these East Indians strike breaking, moving and spotting cars. The engine jumped the track but stayed upright.

"The pilot fireman jumped prematurely, and he, as well as nine East Indians, was killed."

Eventually, no blame was attached to George's crew as it was determined the switch had been tampered with.

The building of the Connaught Tunnel brought George and his family to Rogers Pass in 1914. The overwhelming grandeur of the Canadian Rockies meant isolation for Annie and renewed vigilance for George as he ran a pusher engine assisting all trains up the steep grade. Annie, residing in the house in which Maj. Albert Rogers had lived during the building of the railroad over the pass, soon met the occupants of the other 12 houses. A bunk house for single men, the school house, station and water tank, and a general store made up the town. Grizzly bear tracks were commonplace.

Mories had a love-hate relationship with his new school. Miss Field, a stern disciplinarian, had no time for dreamers among the 20 pupils in the one-roomed school house. Nevertheless, she understood that boys Mories's age were interested in history in the making, and organized Friday afternoon field trips



Mories, Jack and Laura at their Rogers Pass house.

to the West Portal of the tunnel to watch "the mules" work. They were electric locomotives run by batteries, hauling debris from the tunnel.

When trains stopped to take water, the pusher would cut off. One sunny day, Mories waited at the tower. "Dad! Can I ride 'round?" George gave grudging consent, pointing to the fireman's seat. "Sit there. Don't fidget." Mories's legs didn't reach the floor but he could see the controls and his father, like a king on his throne. The engine throbbed along with his heartbeat. Miss Field and her strap were forgotten.

Right then came a loud crack and a hissing sound filled the cab with steam. Mories scrambled for the cab window to jump into the pond below but the fireman caught him by the seat of his pants. "It's only a broken water gauge, lad," he said, laughing.

The trains drew the boys like magnets. Though forbidden to catch the ladders on the box cars when the train slowed, Mories grabbed and caught his while his buddy, Jimmy Johnson, missed. His leg went under the trucks of the wheel.

The train crew applied a tourniquet to the stump, Jimmy was lifted into the caboose, the conductor cleared the track and George and his fireman ran the train backwards to Glacier where they could turn and high ball for the Revelstoke hospital. Jimmy learned to use a crutch and Mories never hopped a freight again.

Once, while George and his fireman were waiting at Beavermouth in the pusher, a big grizzly put one paw on the tender and the other beneath the cab window. George pulled the whistle and the bear took off like a rocket.

In 1915 with the tunnel nearing completion and the school closing, seven-year-old Mories took the trip of his life. He boarded the steamer at Arrowhead, holding his wallet tightly. Marching up to the purser who sat on a high stool behind a grill, he asked for a meal ticket, then walked sedately to the dining room. He was given a menu and served as if he were royalty.

After he had eaten, a silver finger bowl was placed in front of him. He dipped his fingers in daintily and wiped them on a napkin. The steward and the waiter exchanged amused glances.

It was a tired boy who his Uncle Ed Kerr met at West Robson 12 hours later. Mories sighed in relief and quickly handed over his wallet, then nodded off to sleep on the 20-mile Kettle Valley train ride to Nelson.

Aunt Mag, helping out at the hotel, made him feel at home. His eyes popped on that first morning when Uncle Ed threw wide the kitchen door



George Addison Wellwood.

then sloshed hot water behind the stove. At least six hotel cats exited in a hurry.

The main floor consisted of an office and room big enough for 50 people to play cards. Miners came to spend the winter. Through the haze of smoke Uncle Ed sat, feet up, derby hat on his head, stogie in his mouth. The two aunts sewed on a machine in the bay window.

Each morning Aunt Mag knocked a "wake up" on the pipe that ran up to Mories's room.

Rogers Pass closed, with George taking the last working train out of the pass and assisting the first train through Connaught Tunnel. The family headed to Collingwood for a holiday. From beginning to end of the trip, four-year-old Jack was in trouble.

On the train, he grabbed the silver finger bowl and drank from it. At

Collingwood, he slept with Grandpa in a bedroom heated by hot air rising through a hole in the floor. Jack used it to drop a dirty sock into the porridge Grandpa was stirring on the stove down below. Aunt Ethel came to call in her new Easter bonnet, all ribbons and lace, and left it on the spare room bed. Jack piled it full of torn up paper and set fire to it.

On their return home, Jack came down with Asiatic dysentery. A specialist in tropical diseases, coming through on the train, was summoned to save Mories and Laura. Serum was located in Seattle and rushed by train from Vancouver.

At 12 and nine, Mories and Laura began travelling to Balfour on Kootenay Lake to spend summers with Aunt Mag, now married to Tom Brenison, master craftsman in the plastering trade and owner of Sunnyslope Farm. They boarded the Toronto Express No. 4 at Kamloops at 7 p.m., arrived at Revelstoke before midnight, then went by train next day to Arrowhead to catch the paddlewheeler Bonnington.

Aunt Mag met them at Nelson and put them on the paddlewheeler Kuskanoak to Fraser's Landing and Sunny Slope. They were summers of strawberries and cream, a heart's desire of all the books they could read, cherry and apple trees to climb and a rabbit family in the barn's lean-to.

George bought a 1918 Chevrolet 490 open touring car in 1921. Annie learned to drive in it. George directed the moves, ramrod straight in the seat beside her, chewing on his thumbnail. The clutch and gear shift defeated her. The car bucked along Victoria Street and onto St. Paul.

When she reached the high school, she took her hands off the wheel and drifted to a stop at the curb, saying, "Now we will whoa-up." George gave a big sigh and turned to his son. The day Mories passed muster as a driver there were pools of sweat on the leather seat. At age 15, he received his official driver's licence.

Cars, intriguing as they were, could never take the place of a steam engine in his heart. George was destined to remain forever loyal to the power of steam.

The new me



Eric Nelson

Ron Goota: "You'll never heal until you admit you've got problems."

By Eric Nelson

Ron Goota plans to do a lot more fishing. This "therapy" is helping him work his way out of a deep depression brought on by his marriage breakdown.

Goota, 64, retired on his farm near Prince Albert, Sask., is learning how to handle emotional and psychological crises that came late in life.

"I was a basket case," he says. "I didn't want to do anything. I had no energy. I was numb, in shock [during the separation]. I couldn't cope with dealing with lawyers, courts, accountants and the thought of rebuilding my life."

Normally energetic, Goota fell apart when his retirement dream evaporated with the departure of his wife, Gail, in the spring of 1998.

"This is a new thing for me," he says with a laugh, showing off his boat and ice fishing shack in his workshop. "I was too darn busy before, with making a living and life and farming and other things."

He and his son, Curtis, are restoring the boat and motor. Last winter, he also built an ice-fishing shack out of an old fibreglass water tank.

The boat restoration involves filling holes with fibreglass, sanding and

painting the hull, installing new floorboards, carpet and upholstery, and servicing and painting the motor. The boat's trailer licence reads 1981, the last year Goota used the equipment.

"I bought it brand new," he says. "I probably used it three years. I bet it doesn't have more than 100 hours on it. That's stupid farmers for you. We don't have time. We got so busy we didn't have time to spend with each other and our kids."

"Sometimes a guy needs a bit of a jolt, to shape up, to establish or re-establish his priorities. I probably wouldn't have made any changes in my life, my personal life, without that jolt."

There was little time for play in his working life. "I used to just attack work. In the old days I'd have had this [the boat project] done in a week. Now I want to spend more time with my children, to re-establish a relationship with them, because it was pretty poor."

Ron and Gail had worked steadily through 33 years of married life, farming 800 acres near Prince Albert. She nursed full time and he held down two off-farm jobs. He was also buying and maintaining Prince Albert revenue properties, and adding to his farm holdings until they had seven land parcels they were working or renting out.

In 1993, they built their dream home on rich, gently rolling land outside Prince Albert. The 2,400-square-foot, ranch-style bungalow was specifically designed for wheelchair and live-in nursing access. Gail had been diagnosed with multiple sclerosis in 1984, but neither of them discussed the fact that they were planning the home around her illness.

That speaks volumes about the couple's lack of communication, a major problem in the marriage, Goota admits.

"We were both in denial about it. We never discussed it. Our friends never knew about it either."

Goota was devastated by the breakup. "After the crisis, I lost all my ambition. I was totally incapable."

His healing did not begin until he started talking. "I started taking responsibility for myself and quit blaming other people. The healing process doesn't start until [you do that]. You'll never heal until you admit you've got problems."

Through therapy and a strong support group, Goota has gradually worked his way out of his depression.

"There are times that I am almost excited about it, about the new me, the change in me. . . . I think I'll have to work on my own personal growth forever. I don't think I'll ever let up." ■



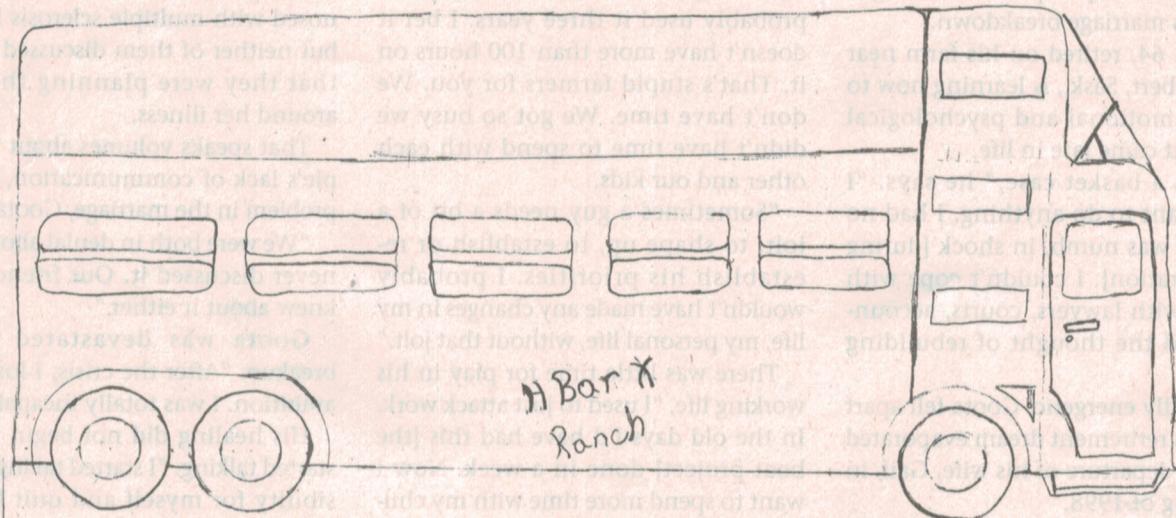
KiDSPiN Inventors Contest winners

There were so many good ideas to make life simpler around the farm that it was hard to choose just four. Those Whiz Kids show off their inventive side below. For their efforts, they receive great book and T-shirt prizes.

Congratulations to them and to all who entered. Watch for a new contest in January 2001. — Kidspin editor

Winner, Ages 12-14

10 animal Hauler / Sleeps 3 people



Self propelled stock hauler

*Joel Seime, 13
Dodsland, Sask.*

My invention is a self-propelled stock trailer. It sleeps up to four people. It comes in sizes that carry five, 10, 15 and 20 cattle or horses and there are doors to separate the stock. The stock hauler has a

Cummins 425 horsepower engine with rear tandem or tri-axles with power seats, power locks and power windows. There is a compartment for hay that automatically feeds the stock on the go.

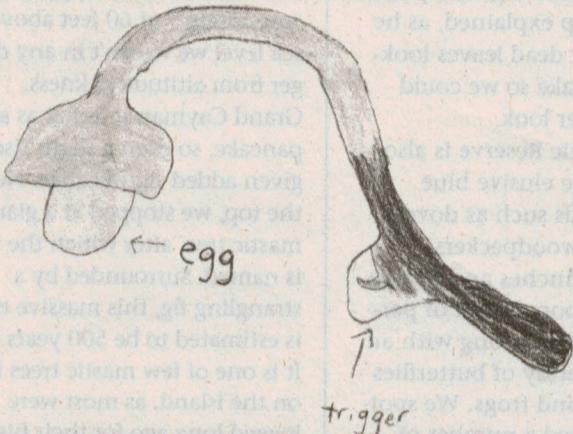
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Winner, Ages 5-8

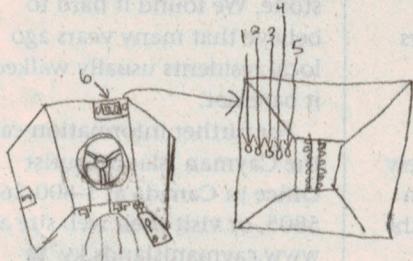


A-1 egg picker

Teri Brodner, 8
Dysart, Sask.

This invention is for all the kids that have to pick eggs at chore time. This battery-operated egg picker runs on two DD batteries, stored in the shaft. The batteries operate a vacuum-like suction unit, which is found on the end of the hooked shaft. On the end of the hook-shaped end is a vacuum seal unit. The color of the picker is yellow, like straw. This is so the chickens are not afraid of it. This picker also helps kids from being pecked at by hens, and retrieving hard-to-get-at eggs. A trigger on the shaft operates the picker. To pick up an egg you squeeze the trigger. To let an egg go you let the trigger go. That is all there is to my egg picking invention. I wish somebody would make it for me.

Honorable mention, Ages 9-11



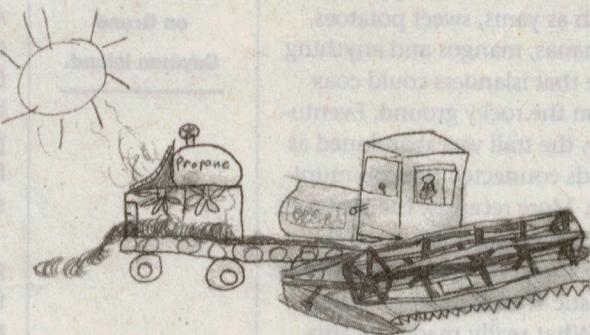
My invention would be a built-in grain tester for the combine. When grain got to one of the five holes (see diagram) it can be tested by the simple touch of a button. The number will appear

Swather/ Hay dryer

Katelyn Sarvas, 11
Biggar, Sask.

Winner, Ages 9-11

My idea is for a swather/hay dryer. The hay dryer is hooked onto the swather that cuts the hay. The hay falls out of the swather but instead of falling on the ground, it goes onto a conveyer belt, which takes it into the dryer. There are two fans in the dryer. One is hooked to a propane tank that heats the air and blows it onto the hay. The other fan is hooked to a solar panel, which also heats the air and helps dry and fluff the hay. Once the hay is all dried, it falls to the ground. You should have another person follow you with a baler to bale the hay you have dried. It would make life a lot easier because frequently the hay is rained on before it is dry enough to bale. This way you don't have the risk of it being rained on.



Built-in grain tester

Tom Quiring, 11
Endeavour, Sask.

on an LCD screen in the top corner of the cab. You can also see how full your grain tank is by a push of a button to the right of the screen, eliminating the need to look back.

AWAY FROM THE BEACHES

By Robin and Arlene Karpan

Mention the Caribbean and what usually springs to mind are sandy beaches, palm trees or snorkeling. But the highlight of our trip to the Cayman Islands last winter was well away from the hubbub of beach life and into the little-visited forested centre of Grand Cayman Island.

The Mastic Trail is a three-mile track that packs an incredible amount of scenery and history in a short distance. It was created more than a century ago as a trading route between settlements on the north and south parts of the island. It served as a rough path for foot traffic and pack animals hauling produce such as yams, sweet potatoes, bananas, mangos and anything else that islanders could coax from the rocky ground. Eventually, the trail was abandoned as roads connected the communities. More recently, the National Trust preserved 400 acres of native forest and refurbished the Mastic Trail as a nature walk.

What really made our trip special was our guide, Geddes Hislop of Silver Thatch Tours, whose specialty is nature trips around Grand Cayman. A wildlife biologist trained in Canada, Hislop has a wealth of information on the birds, bugs, plants and geology of this beautiful but strange landscape.

Only a few minutes into our walk, he gave us our most important lesson—avoiding the Maiden Plum shrub, which can cause serious skin reac-



Cuban tree frog
(Osteopilus septentrionalis)
on Grand
Cayman Island.

tions. Fortunately, that's the only nasty thing around. Even the three species of snakes on Grand Cayman are non-poisonous, Hislop explained, as he turned over dead leaves looking for a snake so we could have a closer look.

The Mastic Reserve is also home to the elusive blue iguana, birds such as doves, woodpeckers, finches and a large population of parrots, along with an array of butterflies and frogs. We spotted a number of Cuban tree frogs hiding under peeling bark on tree trunks or on the underside of large

palm leaves during the heat of the day.

We soon came to an area with red soil, which Hislop said can be traced to the African Sahara Desert. Huge dust storms carry soil particles high into the air, then prevailing winds move the airborne particles westward where they fall along with rain throughout several parts of the Caribbean.

The ancient dry forest we passed through next was the most fascinating part of the trail. Tall red birch and other hardwoods flourished in a seemingly inhospitable habitat of craggy limestone that was originally a coral seabed that gradually rose from the sea more than two million years ago, creating the Cayman Islands. Since there are no rivers or streams on Grand Cayman, trees and plants rely on rainwater that collects in holes or deeper caverns in the limestone.

"We're almost on top of the

mountain," said Hislop with a grin. "This is the highest point on the island."

While affectionately called a "mountain," at 60 feet above sea level we weren't in any danger from altitude sickness.

Grand Cayman is as flat as a pancake, so even a slight rise is given added significance. Near the top, we stopped at a giant mastic tree, after which the trail is named. Surrounded by a strangling fig, this massive tree is estimated to be 500 years old. It is one of few mastic trees left on the island, as most were logged long ago for their highly-prized waterproof timber.

The forest continued to change as we walked through a stand of mahogany, then past fruit trees including mangoes and tamarinds. Next we found ourselves in a wetter area dominated by royal palms and silver thatch palms, a favored area for Caymanian parrots that nest in hollow tops of dead royal palms. The trail then passed through extensive stands of black mangrove, one of few plants that can exist in flooded conditions or brackish water. A raised causeway known as the Mastic Bridge was originally built through the swamp, using mahogany logs anchored by limestone rocks.

While the trail was not difficult, sturdy shoes were an absolute must for walking on the often sharp, jagged limestone. We found it hard to believe that many years ago local residents usually walked it barefoot.

For further information call the Cayman Island Tourist Office in Canada at 1-800-263-5805, or visit their web site at www.caymanislands.ky

TRAP PLANTINGS FOOL BUGS

By Sara Williams

It first arrived in Ontario in 1870 and had made its way west again as far as British Columbia by 1919. Today, the Colorado potato beetle is present in all parts of Canada except possibly Newfoundland and is probably among the better known insects in North America.

Its beginnings were less infamous. Native to the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains from Canada to Texas, it spent most of its evolutionary life eating a plant known as the buffalo bur or sand bur (*Solanum rostratum*), a close relative of the potato and now considered a weed of pastures, fields and waste lands. The Colorado potato beetle was described and named by one of the earliest American entomologists, Thomas Say in 1824. For about three more decades, it remained an obscure insect of little importance to anyone except entomologists.

By the middle of the 19th century, settlers had begun to arrive along with garden plants like the potato. Recognizing a good thing when they saw it, the lives of Colorado potato beetles (and subsequent gardeners) changed forever. The buffalo bur was left to its own devices as the potato beetles switched to the potato, spreading eastward from one potato patch to another at the average estimated rate of about 85 miles per year. They had reached the Atlantic coast by 1874.

The adults, six to 12 millimetres long and bright yellow



**Colorado
potato
beetle**

with 10 (if you care to count) black strips on their back, are present in most prairie potato patches most years. The adults overwinter in the soil and plant debris of the previous year's potato plot. They emerge in May or June and depending on their noses for direction, immediately seek out potato plants.

Females lay clusters of orange eggs (up to 400) on the undersides of potato leaves and die. Orange or red soft-bodied, hump-backed larvae hatch and begin feeding on the potato foliage. Although only one generation of adults is produced per year, if populations are high they can completely defoliate the potato plants leading to drastically reduced yields.

Control is best achieved employing both cultural and chemical strategies. First and foremost is crop rotation. Remove all dead plant material in the fall once the potatoes have been harvested. Cultivate in late fall to bring adults to the soil surface where they will be more vulnerable to cold injury. And plant potatoes in a different area the following year.

Hand-picking is a time-consuming but very effective prairie tradition, as is the application of rotenone, an organic insecticide (derived from the Malaysian derris plant) that breaks down within 24 hours in the presence of sunlight.

Colorado potato beetles are not Olympic material. They cannot swim and must walk up the potato plant in order to feed. Physical obstructions of a vertical and smooth nature can stop them in their tracks. A

metal or plastic barrier three to four inches high around the perimeter of a potato planting will do the job. An eavestrough filled with water around the perimeter is also effective.

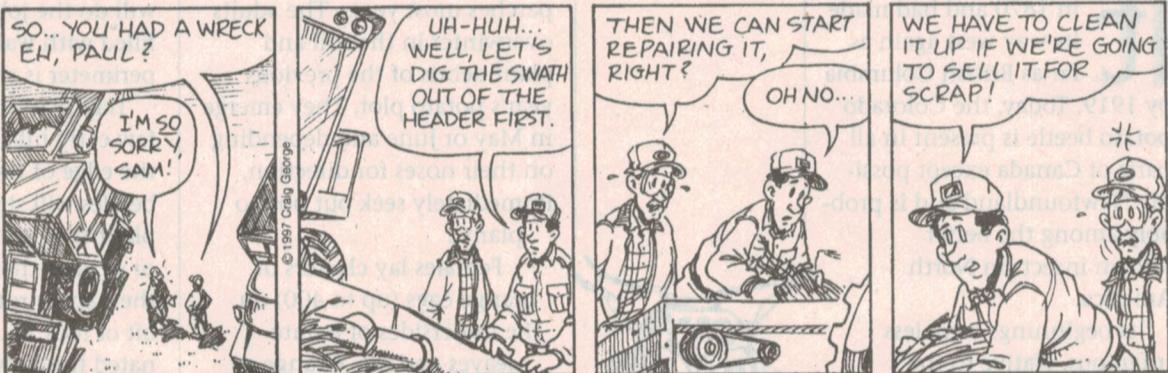
Trap plantings consist of a few early hills of potatoes on the edge of the garden. Potato beetles will stop at the first plant they come to. Wait a day or so after their arrival and then apply rotenone. With a bit of luck you will have eliminated the only generation you're likely to get. Spray the undersides of the leaves as well to control any eggs or larvae that might be present.

Also keep in mind that the beetles depend largely on their noses to find potatoes. Although there has been little scientific documentation, it is possible that the strongly scented or pungent foliage of other plants could mask the potato scent if interplanted among them. Plants that have been suggested include dill, coriander, and nasturtiums as well as catnip and tansy. The latter two could present problems of their own in terms of control. ■

PEANUTS Classics



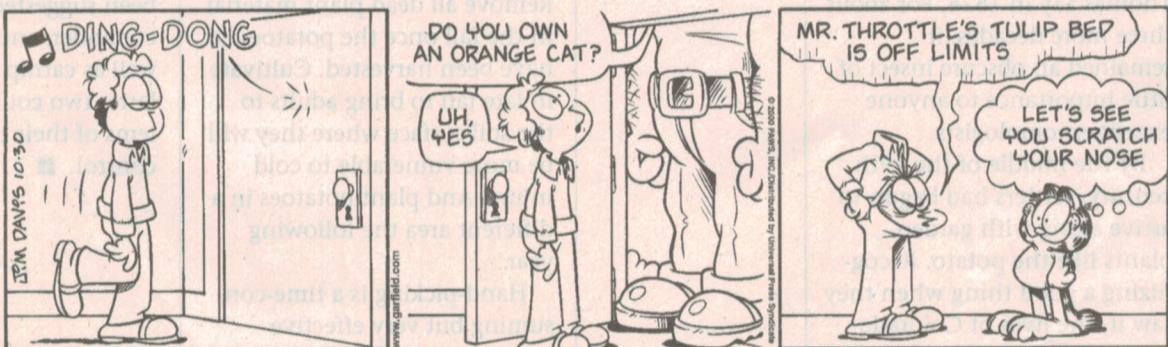
RURAL ROOTZ



For BETTER or for WORSE



GARFIELD

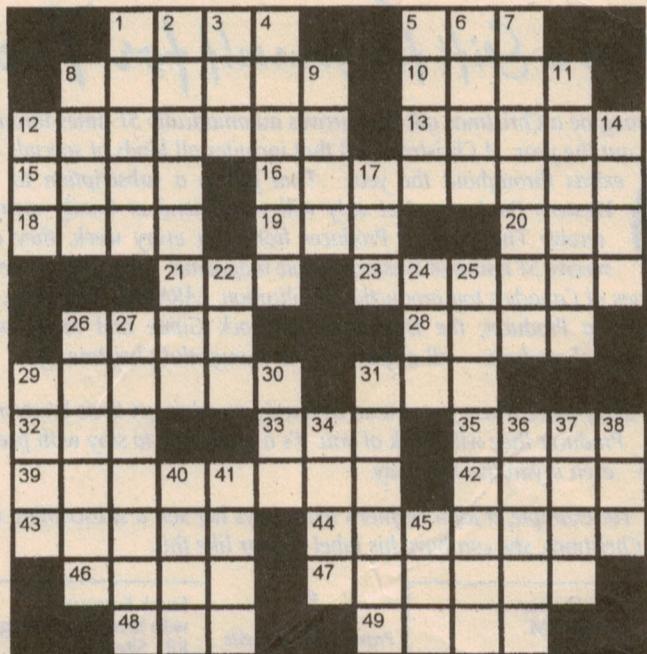


BETTY



Canadian Criss Cross

by Walter D. Feener

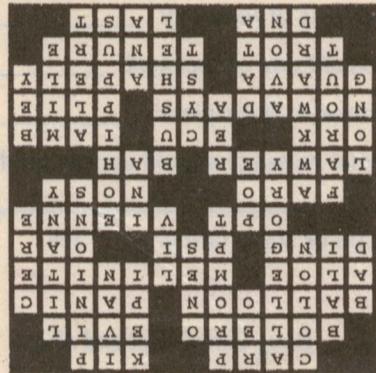


ACROSS

- Pond fish
- 1,000 pounds
- Ravel opera
- Describing a miscreant
- Party decoration
- Go to pieces
- African lily
- Picric acid and guncotton
- Small dent
- Greek letter
- Rowing pole
- Decide on
- City on the Rhône
- Card game
- Overly curious
- Legal adviser
- Scrooge word
- Mork's planet
- Triangular shield
- Metrical foot
- At the present time
- Ballet bend
- Tropical fruit
- Well-proportioned
- Horse's gait
- Holding of office
- It contains genetic code
- After all others

DOWN

- Sign used in mathematical ratios
- Fable
- Classic car
- Give someone a cue
- Military cap
- Lendl of tennis
- Bird wings
- Indonesian island
- Loonies
- Prayer
- Harmful
- Soft part of a bill
- Actress Ullmann
- The "Raven" author
- Actress Claire
- Extinct horse
- Avant-garde
- Clumsy
- Seemingly endless
- Singer Chris
- Four pecks
- Vesicle
- On one's toes
- 1760 yards
- Tunisian ruler
- Shakespeare's river
- Computer information
- Literary gossip



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Wanted: Instruction book for Coronado, by Brother, sewing machine. Will pay. — Rebecca Bartel, R.R. 1, Carrot River, Sask. SOE OLO, ph/fax 306-768-3655.

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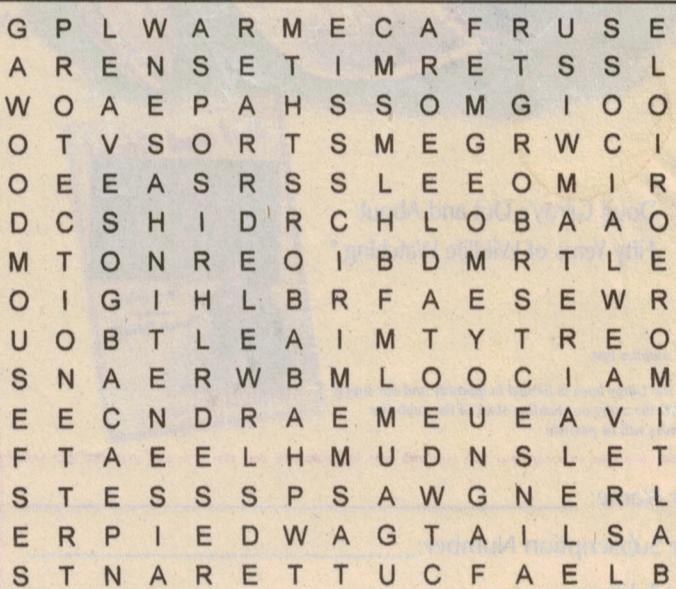
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BUILDING NESTS & BURROWS

Word Find puzzle
by Janice M. Peterson

When all the words in the list have been found, the letters left over will spell the solution.



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Bees	Material	Termites	
Birds	Moss	Warm	
Collect	Mud	Wasps	
Dormouse	Pied Wagtails	Wood Fibres	
Eggs	Protection	Wood Mouse	
Feathers	Reed Warbler	Young	
Grass	Shape		
Hibernate	Shelter		
Insects	Social Weaver		
Leaf Cutter Ants	Sorts		
Leaves	String		

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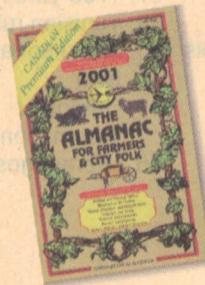
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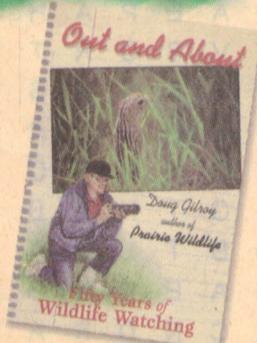


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